



rates, although it ought to be done now. Britain makes no objection to the Australian rebellion, but merely objects to the reduction being confined to that colony.

The Russian announcement that Abdurrahman Khan has surrendered to Russian traders, special commercial privileges at Herat causes much displeasure but no surprise in London. The fact is that since completion of the railway from the Caspian to Samarqand Russia has taken important strides toward a monopoly of the trade of Central Asia. What right do the laborers under a protectionist stand to advantage? But apart from the commercial aspect the Russian advance to Herat even in the guise of traders, is viewed with any city here. The motive that prompted the Emperor of Czar to propagate the cause of Islam is readily seen. Abdurrahman has just succeeded in subduing a most dangerous insurrection in his capital. His executions have more than once driven powerful tribes into rebellion, and their outbreaks have not been put down without considerable expenditure of blood and treasure. Herat is the land of refuge for fugitive Afghan princes and Abdurrahman himself has been exiled to the czar's dominions as well as other descendants of Post Mohamed. It is very doubtful if the czar's power will be limited by the power which overran Afghanistan and which has already swallowed up the adjoining states of central Asia. It is feared in England that Russian traders will also be Russian emissaries and none of the methods used by the czar to subdue his country will be spared to alienate the forces of northern Afghanistan already more than anxious to submit to Russian rule not because they like the czar, but because any kind of regular government would be better than the tyrants of Russia else where her course in Central Asia has been highly beneficial to that region whose population was the prey of the robber tribes of Turkistan and whose every valley was marked by ruined villages. Peace and safety now prevail, and the good work of the czar is as much in preventing disorder as in suppressing "social freedom." Commerce has taken wonderful strides, and cities and villages are growing up where all was desolation. Already the name of Prince von Bismarck, Duke of Luxemburg, the czar's general, who in 1855 had a war occurred, and the country which Col. Grodoff pronounced impassable by a large body of men would now afford convenient subsistence for a formidable force all that the czar needs is the fact that the former can now cultivate the soil in security from Turcoman raiders.

There is no ground for the belief that Abdurrahman has any intention of surrendering Herat to Russia. The place is heavily garrisoned, and the fortifications have been repaired so completely that his present strength has been restored. But Herat is so situated that it could not long hold out against a strong army with artillery, and whenever Russia is prepared to move the place must fall. The czar's army than it would have been in 1855 had a war occurred, and the country which Col. Grodoff pronounced impassable by a large body of men would now afford convenient subsistence for a formidable force all that the czar needs is the fact that the former can now cultivate the soil in security from Turcoman raiders.

In accordance with a decision of the Hamburg senate, all men employed on state works who take part in the demonstrations on May 1 will be discharged.

**STANDING ON VOLCANO.**

Russia, Austria and Spain on the verge of bloody revolution.

PARIS April 19.—[Pacific Postal Special]—Stanley's book is completed. The work abounds in graphic illustrations of the character of the inhabitants of the dark continent, and contains curious details concerning the forest dwarfs to whom his letters are referred, and in whom the interest of the civilized world is aroused. In his description of the dwarfs, Stanley states that they possess many good qualities which are wholly unsuspected by all except those who have come into immediate relations with them and who have cultivated their friendship. The race is relatively intelligent and possesses a decidedly higher grade of morality than the negro. It is the only monomaniac race in Africa, and a single instance in its regard for the sacredness of the marital relations. The dwarfs are skilled workers in iron and betley more ready adaptability to civilization than any other people.

The dwarf queen became a great friend of Stanley and Dr. Parker and accompanied them on the expedition for a considerable part of their road. Unfortunately she died. Parker publishes an exhaustive and interesting account of his medical experiences in Africa. He describes an extraordinary disease rate among the natives in the neighborhood of the lakes. It is produced by the larva of worms, which enter the body through the feet and extend their progress upward as far as the hips. Their presence causes severe swellings and scars, and finally death.

Stanley applies his facts to the theories relating to the ultimate rise of the negroes in the scale of civilization. He places them more on the equality with the whites than most of the experts are willing to admit. This seems to be due to his better knowledge of their consequent upon his Christian sympathy with their nature and his inviolable efforts to civilize their goodwill and respectfulness.

At the Brussels anti-slavery conference in May, Stanley will dwell on the horrors of the practices resorted to by Arab slave hunters in getting their goods, which are worse than the practices of the slave hunters, since the latter have an interest in the lives of their slaves while the former kill and burn all before them. Stanley says the forest dwarfs have the oldest history in the world, tracing their lineage back fifty centuries.

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, APRIL 20.

THE NEW FUNCTION OF GOVERNMENT.

It has been discovered recently that men heretofore have been wholly mistaken as to the main duty and function of government. Our declaration of independence undoubtedly serves the purpose for which it was written, but it is not "inalienable," to quote certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and pursuit of happiness." But now we learn the new doctrine that governments are instituted to collect money by taxation and lend it to citizens on mortgage; and this is to be the basis of a new philosophy of state-government and a new gospel of the duties of government and rights of man.

There are always plenty of men who are fond of illusions, and therefore, the one who is a demagogue or charlatan or mixture of both, can always get a hearing. It is a fashion in these times to preach the doctrine that men are to look to government for relief and to depend on government rather than on themselves; but in fact, government does not support the people; but the people the government, and government never can be so organized as to support the people, because it is itself merely their creature, and can exist only as it is supported by them.

But the government, it is said, is to lend only to those who can give security. Then, after all, it is not to help its most needy citizens. Is government, then, to exist for the property class? Falstaff sent to his tailor for goods; the messenger returned without the goods, saying: "Be it said, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph; he would not take his bond and you'd like it not." These words, however, were reported. Falstaff, "stand upon security! I'll have him; they would stop me in my mouth as often as stop it with security." I looked for him, and saw me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security!" One word is a patent government, having money to lend, to refuse to lend it to a man who can't furnish security? Are we to have a government of privilege, of favoritism, of pluckiness? Are our most needy citizens, who can't furnish security, to receive no help from their government? Why lend only to those who have land?

A popular, just and truly paternal government will lend to those who have nothing and who therefore, most need help. Here is a platform which may be commanded to Governor Pennoyer and which should find an advocate in him. We are sure he does not wish to favor the property class only, and let men who have no property go without government loans.

No scheme in government, politics or religion is too wild, visionary or fatuous to find advocates and followers. The habit of thinking closely, of reasoning upon facts, of going upon the solid basis of truth and common sense, is not agreeable to a considerable part of mankind as the habit of yielding to delusions, of following mirages, of giving way to pleasure and procuring absurdities. Hence the man who combines in himself the character of avaricious and demagogic never wins followers. It is so much easier to persons foolish hopes, value desires, visionary schemes, than to work with steady effort, guided by intelligence, to a national end!

## AN EXERCISE IN CRITICISM.

It is a little singular that The Dallys Times—Mountaineer should always be on the lookout for little mistakes, in other newspapers, and should make much of them if it finds them. One might suppose that its own columns were examples of perfection, both in writing and in mechanical art. Yet one seldom sees a paper gotten up in a more slovenly manner than this same journal of patty criticism. One of its recent efforts to present an example of fine writing and show its learning and critical acumen was the following:

"We often find mistakes in proof reading which are hardly excusable. Yesterday, Sunday's issue, of one of the papers was on the lookout for little mistakes, in other news-papers, and should make much of them if it finds them."

The OREGONIAN acknowledges its obligations to its learned critic. However, it will say that the critic is guilty of a typographical error in the quotation from Virgil. This is a small matter, indeed, but a professional purist ought not to make mistakes. In its own behalf, however, THE OREGONIAN will say that the article published in its columns, in which the quotation from Virgil appeared, did not purport to be an original one, but was reprinted from another newspaper, which doubtless had it from another. This, as all newspaper men know, is one way in which typographical and other errors are repeated and multiplied. Compositors and proof readers are not always versed in ancient and foreign languages, though it would appear from the learning exhibited by our critic that editors are always supposed to be; and moreover that the editor of a newspaper like THE OREGONIAN is supposed to be at every composure of his elbow as a prompter, and to read over every line of proof himself, mark it for correction, and then read and mark the "revised."

But, leaving the ancient and foreign tongues, let us see our critic and purist to examine its past austerities and violent persecutions by the Puritan; its present genial and liberal character, which is stigmatized as "descended" by the theological turmoils of the pulpit. Among other signs that we are on the eve of a "New Reformation" we include the larger freedom and humane observance of the Christian Sunday, which is to-day construed exactly as Christ intended it to be, a day of rest, freedom and joy, as the Sabbath of rest, freedom and joy, the Sabbath of the book of Deuteronomy, of Nehemiah and Hosea; but the Sabbath of Exodus, during which there could be no labor nor innocent pleasure. The long parliament legislated against "vainly and profanely walking" on Sunday; King Charles was rebuked by the Scotch clergy for sullying on that day. Some God-fearing people of Glasgow, as they came out of church, once fell upon and almost killed a drover who was going by whistling, and Buckie tells of some fishermen on the Northern coast of Scotland who went out on Sunday to save a ship in a storm and had to do penance for it. In Boston there was once a cage for Sabbath breakers. It is this Puritan view of Sunday that has completely passed away, and given place to the justification of the observance of Sunday as a day of necessary social and spiritual recreation and refreshment. At a synod of Scotch churchmen in 1867 the Puritan Sunday was admitted to be a failure, and the great Dr. Guthrie declared he had seen more drunkenness in an hour in London and Edinburgh than in five months in Paris, where he counted thirty-three theaters and places of amusement open on Sunday. On the continent not only churches, but libraries, reading rooms, art galleries, and everything that educates are kept open on Sunday more than any other day.

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# GOOD MORNING. TAKE A LOOK

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and see where you can get strictly inside property for one-half what it is selling for adjoining. Here you can get a lot with an unequalled view on the easiest terms you were ever offered a lot in the City. Remember, only eighteen blocks from the Postoffice and four blocks from car line. Call at once for a copy of our new city map, showing every addition and car line.

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YOU : ARE : LOOKING : FOR : A : GOOD : INVESTMENT : IN : REAL : ESTATE.

Twenty-five feet on Third street, centrally located.  
Twenty-five feet on Third street, northerly located.

A beautiful residence lot on Nob Hill.  
Two lots on Corbett street, near Second avenue, \$4000.

Forty acres, Section 6, Post Townsend, \$20,000.

Block 95, Pettygrove Addition, Port Townsend, \$3750.

Lots 11, 12, 13 Block 34, corner West Eugene and Rodney streets, ALBINA, \$4500.

Two choice Quarter Blocks in Holladay's Addition.

Quarter Block and House, F and Ninth street, East Portland.

Eight acres in Section 15, near St. John's Motor Line.

Two 5-acre tracts in DeLashmutt & Oatman's LITTLE HOMES NO. 1.

Ten acres in Glencoe Park, on St. John's Motor Line.

Five beautiful residence lots in McMinn's Addition (cheap).

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**PATTON'S TRACT.**

This beautiful property is on the high ground between Portland and Vancouver, giving you a fine view of Portland and Vancouver, Columbia river and the beautiful snow mountains, which no other addition has, and on the St. John's Electric Line, with a Five-Cent Fare and only Fifteen Minutes ride from the Center of the City. Why go and pay from \$2000 to \$5000 for a lot in this City, which has no better advantages than those of the Patton Tract, which we are selling from \$350 to \$500 per Lot, on the Installment Plan. Lots \$5000. Remember, this is no wildcat property, but in the City Limits. Call on us and we will take pleasure in showing you this property, Free of charge.

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**AGE OF REASON.**

American Statesmen Meet in  
Farewell Council.

**WORK & MAGNA CHARTA**

Senate Assembly—The Delegates Bid  
Adieu to President Harrison—There  
Shall Be More War.

In the Senate.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—In the senate the senate bill to dispose of certain lots now in possession on the Fort Dalles military reservation was passed.

The senate bill to pay Mrs. Cameron \$10,000 for property taken by the Union army at Chattanooga during the war created a lengthy discussion, which turned on the court's claim. Harris gave notice that if he could not be present at the adjournment of the session he would be absent from the floor. He was doing so well that the older bonds thought he ought to be interrupted, and asked questions. He answered them all right, making a creditable first appearance.

WHEN BEIRING SEA IS OPENED

The Slougher Will Be Prodigious—Improbable  
Story of Fraud in the Award of the  
Alaska Privileges.

IN THE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—After the speaker had laid before the house various public building bills, public business was suspended and the house proceeded to pay tribute to the memory of Samuel B. Cox, of New York, attorney of the Union, who died in the battle of Shiloh. Cox was a member of the Indiana delegation.

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VOL. IX.—NO. 21.

PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1890.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SALE

TRAIDS  
E DAYS  
and Wednesday!  
HARGE.teak, ebony or cherry; also one pair of  
way, free of charge, with every pair of  
this sale. With every pair of 75¢ and  
complete trimmed pole only.

OTTINGHAM CURTAINS:

12 pairs, 24 yards long, \$12 in wide, \$4.00 per pair.
12 pairs, 4 yards long, \$12 in wide, \$4.00 per pair.
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Any line of lace and silk curtains in our  
this sale.  
at prices quoted.30 days we will offer full size lots  
in this Addition less, in proportion,  
than you can buy acreage in  
the same neighborhood.

LOCATION.

Good Morning Addition is precisely on the center of the divide between  
the Willamette and Columbia Rivers.

## MOTOR LINE.

Good Morning Addition is within a few blocks of the St. John's Electric  
Motor Line, in the same section with Piedmont and North Albina.

## STREETS.

Good Morning Addition has wide streets, 60 and 80 feet.

## ALLEYS.

Good Morning Addition has 18-foot alleys. Lots in Good Morning Addition  
are 110 feet deep.

## VIEW.

No other addition presents a better view of Mount Hood, St. Helens,  
Mount Adams, Mount Rainier, Portland and the Columbia River, than Good  
Morning.

## SIDEWALKS.

Good Morning Addition is laid from the Electric Motor Line to Good Morning Addition.

Good Morning Addition is clear of sticks, stumps, stones, hills, hollows  
and ravines—perfectly smooth.

## HOUSES.

We are under contract to build a number of residences in Good Morning  
Addition this year.

## WATER.

Arrangements are made to have water in every street in Good Morn-

ing Addition, by September First.

## PRICE.

We will start price at \$150 per lot, \$15 cash, balance \$5 monthly, for 30

days, when the price will be advanced to \$200.

## OUR FAITH.

We will enter into written contract with parties who buy in Good Morn-

ing Addition within 30 days to refund them their money, with 10 per cent.

Interest, and take back property, if not satisfied with purchase, at the end  
of one year.Who can afford to put money in savings bank when such an opportunity  
is at hand?

## WHY WE SELL SO CHEAP.

We bought this property some time ago, before the recent heavy  
advance, and we use no middle men to sell, consequently we give  
the purchaser the advantage of the commission and the advance  
on property.We leave our office every day at 10:15 A. M. and 2:15 P. M. for  
Good Morning Addition.

## SPECIAL BARGAIN.

Two lots one-half mile this side of Woodlawn, one-half block from Motor  
Line, \$275 each, easy terms.

Sole agents for Lochinvar Addition, lots \$300 to \$350, and Marchmont Ad-

dition, lots \$200 and \$250.

WRINKLE,  
oor South of Morrison.HARNESS and SADDLERY  
of all descriptions.W. S. CHASE,  
Practical Harnessmaker.

Last Portland, Fourth Street, between E and

F.

Striped Lisle Hose,  
Brown Balbriggan Hose,  
Solid Color Hose,  
Real Derby Ribbed Hose,  
Novelty Striped Hose,  
Fancy Striped Hose.  
SEE DISPLAY IN WINDOW AND ON  
HOMELESS COUNTER.ERY.  
ION OF HOSIERY.

Full Lines in

Sales.

The latest garments for ju-

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Portland, Oregon.

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## VANCOUVER ON THE COLUMBIA

The Finest Site for a City in the State of Washington.

City and suburban property has advanced one hundred per cent in the last sixty days, and will advance as much more in the next sixty days.

Houses for rent are in demand. Labor of all kinds wanted.

## ELWELL BROS.

Offer the best opportunities to capitalists in business property, acre property and residence blocks. Homes for all at prices to suit. Call and see us, or write for information.

## ELWELL BROS.

## WOLF'S BLOCK

## THE PLAY'S THE THING.

## A Brilliant Week at the Local Amusement Temples.

## EMC OPERA COMING THIS WEEK

*"Armenia"* Plays to Enormous Business—"Armenia-Pagan" at Today's—Olcorday's—Mistletoe—New York Casino Co.

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## WHAT I LIVE FOR

I live for those who love me.  
Whose hearts are kind and true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me  
As it was in my spirit, too.  
The task by God assigned me,  
For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.  
  
I live to teach their story,  
To make them happy for my sake,  
And follow in the wake;  
Pads, batiste, muslin, sateen,  
Wince done's crown history's page,  
And Time's great volume make.  
  
I live to hold that season,  
By gift of mind foretold,  
With all the reason  
And not alone by gold.  
When man to man is ed,-  
The every wrong thing righted,  
The world will be lighted  
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold command  
With all that's divine,  
To feel that there is union  
And perfect trust and mine.  
To profit by affliction,  
Reap the fruits from fields of action;  
Finally, to design  
Life for those who love me.

For those who know me,  
For the heaven that smiles above me  
And waits my spirit's call,  
With all the love that asks assistance,  
For the wrongs that need resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

## A STORY FOR GIRLS

By Lucy C. Lillie, Author of "The Colonel's Money, Etc."

**A Y** what you like, Kitty, but can't help feeling it doubtful kindness to give those poor children a party. Now, if it hasn't been a new pair of shoes each, or a nice white pocket-handkerchief, or—"

"Oh, Cousin Sue! You are so funny—when you don't mean to be!"

Miss Euniceleigh laughed gaily, bending down to kiss the smooth, white cheek of her companion. But Mrs. Packard was not to be deceived so easily.

Day after day she considered that Kitty's "charities" were growing too numerous, and although of course the bright, happy-looking girl standing before her in the library window was her own mistress with \$10,000 a year, yet Mrs. Packard felt it only right now and then to express her admiration. "If you like," Cousin Sue would say when she was gone, "you have plenty of asylums and institutions for them, so why should girls like Kitty Euniceleigh and herself bother their heads about them?"

May was at home, and Kitty, with the

shelter of the cupboard doors. Not for worlds would she have let Delta see her come for that. Delta was the girl whom she had so often denominated as a thief because he had stolen the heart of the judge's favorite child! Ah, well! it was an old story but a sad one! Poor little loving, gentle Rose! Fifteen years and more had gone by since the night in which she had come to the man of her choice and to be banished forever from her father's home. Where or how she had lived, how died, they never knew, but a paper from a foreign land with a notice of her death had reached the judge to strike a blow at him. But nothing could be done with him who had his dicing but that from the moment the fatal message was read he never moved nor spoke, and died two days later without recovering his consciousness. A strange likeness there was between her and the poor girl you see in the picture to her right, poor Rose! And Hannah loved to look at it.

Delta had allowed Pink to attend the kitchen-garden school simply because it would make her more useful around the house. It was her mother's idea to recruit this last girl but put "notions" in the child's head. She had no idea whatever of the suffering and disappointment Pink was experiencing.

Her one fear was that Rose would be foolish enough to spend some money on letting the child go.

At the time "Rose," with her new determination, was nearing home. Pink had the sleeves nicely cleaned, the lace bright and the corner-windowed attic as tidy as she could make it, but as Mrs. Trumbull burst impetuously into the room, she and the shepherd boy armed with a golden crook in the form of a letter of credit, which was to furnish the place and means wherever they might go.

Not much misgiving was felt when the news came that in place of the first-class steamer, "the largest and most comfortable ship afloat," of the second class had been substituted, nor yet when this was withdrawn, another announced to sail in its place. But when the shepherd came to see the sort of craft to which he was to confide his precious charge, it must be confessed that his heart sank.

"It is a ship with narrow galleys, spacious saloon accommodations, and what giddy saloon accommodations, and what

was worse—so the seamen he talked with on board declared—a poor saloon. She had been seventeen days coming from Gibraltar to New York, and "her deck had been much of the time." Even a lame man could help her sister into the adjoining room and then returned to the kitchen, where she sat at the cook stove, then beckoned the child toward her.

"Never you mind, Pink," she whispered. "You're going to that party, burying most of your joy in the gloom of the kitchen, you know, and can't be worried. If the thought you were going, don't you see, nice, my pat! Don't you be afraid!"

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" whispered Pink, clutching the dressmaker's waist in an ecstasy of delight. "Are you so good? I love you so! Oh, dear!"

"Well, well, well," was Rose's answer, as she stroked the soft bronze head resting against her side. "Come now. You see, Pink, that Miss Euniceleigh, of course, was up to May's party, and I heard her telling all about it. I made up my mind you should go. Don't you know that your Aunt Jane is where she does put her foot down?"

Miss Rose almost forgot the sufferer in the next room in her excitement as she made this emphatic declaration, but the early heat of the afternoon was still intense.

"If you like," Cousin Sue would say when she was gone, "you have plenty of asylums and institutions for them, so why should girls like Kitty Euniceleigh and herself bother their heads about them?"

May was at home, and Kitty, with the

it was! How well remembered by the faithful servant! And here, in this very gallery, Rose, the judge's youngest daughter, had sat for hours, her eyes fixed on the picture whom she had so often denominated as a thief because he had stolen the heart of the judge's favorite child! Ah, well! it was an old story but a sad one! Poor little loving, gentle Rose!

Fifteen years and more had gone by since the night in which she had come to the man of her choice and to be banished forever from her father's home. Where or how she had lived, how died, they never knew, but a paper from a foreign land with a notice of her death had reached the judge to strike a blow at him. But nothing could be done with him who had his dicing but that from the moment the fatal message was read he never moved nor spoke, and died two days later without recovering his consciousness. A strange likeness there was between her and the poor girl you see in the picture to her right, poor Rose!

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May was at home, and Kitty, with the

"Of course she is not our own flesh and blood,"

privilege of old friendship, ran directly upstairs to her room.

"Come in, I called out May's voice with a nervous laugh, as she hurried into the dining room of Kitty saw that her "John" was in the agony of being "tried on." A very hard worker, painstaking-looking little dressmaker was fitting a waist pattern on Miss Stuart's long cheval glass reflecting red and blue, and faces, gay and pretty, dashed from countenance to countenance in the workwoman's pinched and anxious form—but with something very sweet and attractive in its thin lines. The brown hair, threaded with silver, might once have been full of care and sparkling, but the thin lines of the check at firmly rounded and

May glanced over her shoulder with a sigh and a smile.

"Oh, Kitty, dearest, is that you?" she asked. "Do come right in; take that easy this, I hope, my son."

May turned back with a significant smile in Kitty's direction to the contemplation of her figure in the mirror, and Mrs. Trumbull went on patiently receiving all sorts of sharp reprimands with a smile from her mother.

She was glad of the visit of May Stuart offered her, because it was bread and butter for herself and help for her crippled sister and little Pink, but it was money hardly earned. She was not a first-class dressmaker, but Aunt Jane had a certain dash, which only rich customers could afford—the workwoman's pinched and anxious form—but with something very sweet and attractive in its thin lines. The brown hair, threaded with silver, might once have been full of care and sparkling, but the thin lines of the check at firmly rounded and

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dressmaker, but Aunt Jane had a certain dash, which only rich customers could afford—the workwoman's pinched and anxious form—but with something very sweet and attractive in its thin lines. The brown hair, threaded with silver, might once have been full of care and sparkling, but the thin lines of the check at firmly rounded and

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**THE KING CAME HOME**  
are you waiting, children,  
watching because the day has come  
to come home to-day?  
The King comes back to the town,  
shining, smiling, laughing,  
the King comes back, the birds sing,  
to your mothers, children;  
King, home from the forest,  
with the Fairies little children,  
his wife was past,  
would wait no more,  
they came at last.  
children waited closing of the day,  
eyes tired of gazing  
in the sun,  
came home of music,  
golden crown,  
as they crept to bed,  
the room red sun went down,  
the weary children slept,  
red of them that wept,  
the sacred dove,  
his shield, from the well-fought field,  
the King came home. —Chambers' Journal.

**sica. O's**  
They May Easily be Made.

**Y. R. T. CARLTON.**

Bright, 1890, by S. S. McClure.  
EW toys are more interesting or afford more genuine pleasure to boys, or girls either, than those with which music or musical sounds can be reproduced and there are many simple musical instruments which any boy can make, with the use of tools and materials as are easily available. All that is needed is a start of a few instructions.

the instrument represented in blow, all that is necessary in the interior is a cigar box, about an inch

small strip of pine, a little plaster and writing paper.

in pine strips, one-half inch square, four inches in length down, each succeeding one three-sixteenths until you have sixteen. Cut sixteen short ones, two and one-half inches for each of the square pieces inserted round ones, as in figure 1 in the

box cigar box make a frame by taking bottom and off the lid. Paste on a smooth, level surface and insert the square blocks at equal distance from another, with the pins up over the frame on each side of the couple of wooden blocks any hole for the purpose, wide enough to fit top of pins. Close the frame and fasten at the ends of the board or anything suitable. Leave

plaster after having mixed it, being taken care of, to dry.

To make the wood leave the sticky, paper should be wrapped each of the pins and fastened with a tape, being careful to avoid touching

Let dry thoroughly, then pine strips,  $\frac{1}{2}$  x  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches sawed to width, to square each of each pins or glue bits of straw to a sheet of heavy writing paper now strips, and paste one between of the pine blocks of correspondences, so that the paper sticks in the center, and fasten at the ends of the board. When you have finished the paper strips, test them with a key to see that they are "fine," by shortening or lengthening the fingers with bits of cardboard. This may be done by carefully folding the paper strips evenly. They may be kept in position by a rubber tape.

The plaster is thoroughly dry tear blocks and box frame, and execute and polishes the frame, as well as the box, as hard as possible.

Remove the wooden blocks and tongue ones to their proper places, plaster on top to smoothness, and with a nail to suit itself. In fact, the instrument may be molded into any shape.

These are easily constructed, and will go good music is made, class, but attractive, nevertheless.

into a second-hand store in San An-

geles several years ago, I came across quite a number of musical instruments, a violin, a cello, and a bass, but never seen

of this kind before, although since then one other. This one, which

was exceedingly well, had a sound equal to many more

instruments. Any boy, a few days after seeing this instrument, got a box, and put all paper and threads on the points, so that it is light and holes at the same position.

the by them in the engraving. The made of one piece of wood, run through the box, forming a lantern. Where the box is open, the sides of the box give a sharp point, which prevented the hands from being held to the neck, as in a regular instrument.

“Now had traits,” said

“and a man decided trait that

the other.”

Detrol Free Press.

wanted her whom I want to in-

clude, said after they had met a moment in the Erie depot,

“I am in advance, however, that

you are trait of character which

should be developed.”

“Yes, and he took poor Mrs. Whistled’s

cows, and I am now forever

carrying soap and making them wild,

and one day she took down her gun when she saw the dog after her cows—they were just naturally coming into the yard—and she shot the dog. He was the meanest dog, awful big and fierce; he nearly killed poor Henry, our dog, the cutest dog you ever saw.”

“He just naturally would have killed him,” interrupted Ally, “only she stuck a heap of pepper in his eyes.” Wish I’d been there to hear him tell!”

Sally waved the interruption aside. “And then you got home he fixed him,” said the boy, “and, striding after the evidence and the contract held good. So he got a judgment for two years’ rent and disbarred her male.”

“Yes, and he took poor Mrs. Whistled’s

cows, and I am now forever

carrying soap and making them wild,

and the dogs, except one, was dead;

the disbarred man hastened to

the house. Looking up at the window where he had been sitting, he said, “I’m then sought the stairs, he dashed

out of a window. In a

few moments he had his balance and said, “I’m a savage manner, and said:

“Your boy! How glad we are to have you! You must be like his father!”

she said.

#### 4 POEM FOR ARBUR DAY

A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea,  
And one took root and sprouted up and grew into a tree.  
Love, like a shade at evening, to breathes its soft sighs,  
To the right hand, lightening the world with its golden beams.

The world is pleased, and is on the principle

of giving and making, and merriment.

“This is a pleasant journey, which was

the year of the year when all the

world was at peace.

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# VANCOUVER, WASH., GETS THERE.

We control two-thirds of the acre property adjoining the city. Headquarters for the sale of inside and Main street property. We make a specialty of Vancouver Heights Addition.

## LAND OF REAL ESTATE.

Deeds Filed in the Office of the County Recorder.

\$100 lots, aggregating \$31,000 per acre, lot 100, making the total number of lots 100, the first of the month of January 1 to date there have been sold, aggregating \$4,229,650.00.

DATES APPROVED APRIL 10.

Portland Title and Trust Company, 101 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

J. A. Stafford, lot 2, blk 2, 100' front.

A. L. Thompson to Jas Shanesay, lot 9, blk 11, 100' front.

W. H. Smith to J. H. Mooney, lot 11, 100' front.

W. H. Smith to W. K. Smith, lot 12, 100' front.

R. C. Case, lot 13, 100' front.

W. H. Smith to W. H. Smith, wife & son, lot 14, 100' front.

W. H. Smith to W. H. Smith, wife & son, lot 15, 100' front.

W. H. Smith to W. H. Smith, wife & son, lot 16, 100' front.

W. H. Smith to W. H. Smith, wife & son, lot 17, 100' front.

W. H. Smith to W. H. Smith, wife & son, lot 18, 100' front.

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## WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Stories About Men Who Have  
National Reputation.

## BANKS, BUTLER AND RUSSELL SAGE

Mark Twain's Father, and How "Colonel Sellers"  
Mixed a Fortune—Joe Blackburn's Wild  
Bite With a Drunken Driver.

**WASHINGTON, April 15.**—[Special Correspondence.]—General Ben Butler has been spending considerable time in the two houses of congress during the past month. He is as bright as a dollar, as fat as butter, as rosy as a milkmaid, and his eye, which was once white, is now as straight as a string. I made a study of him from the press gallery to-day, and I saw that he took in the house without spectacles. The scar from the surgical operation on repairing his eyes was not to be seen, though he was not twenty feet away from me, and his sight is now as good as that of any public man in the United States. General Butler was sitting side by side with that other Massachusetts epigraecarian, General N. P. Banks. The two made a remarkable picture. Both men are long past their seventies, and the skin of both are rosy with the iron in their blood and they both show sap in brains and limbs. Both have been many times in congress. Both have served as governors of Massachusetts. Both made national reputations during the war, and when General Butler left New Orleans, General Banks took command in his place. Since then both have been in the pink of political affairs, and have still kept their fingers on the keyboard to which are attached the political wires of the United States.

General Banks is the elder of the two and was a national character when Ben Butler was still practicing law at Lowell and was investing his surplus funds in buying little houses at auction and thus laying the foundation of his big fortune. It was then that N. P. Banks was the candidate for speaker of the anti-Southern element of congress and the contest was so close that for two months the balloting went on. One hundred and thirty-three ballots were taken before Banks was elected and he was the leader for that congress of the North against the South. I chatted with him the other day as to the influence which Jefferson Davis held in that congress and with the administration of President Pierce; and he illustrated his statement by giving a description of a call which he then made upon Caleb Cushing who was then attorney-general. Congressman Banks was a Massachusetts man with him for whom he wished to get an office, and he wanted Cushing, who was also a Massachusetts man, to help him to it. Attorney-General Cushing was supposed to have the command of the appointment. General Banks presented his friend and asked for it. General Cushing replied that he could not grant it as the office had been asked for by Jefferson Davis, and said Cushing, "It should be thoroughly understood and it will certainly be known soon, if it is not known now, that nothing can be gotten from this present administration without the consent of Jefferson Davis." Davis dominated congress as well as the president and it was the coalition made against him and his friends that elected Banks speaker.

The movement to place General Banks on the retired list of the army as major general will probably pass. He is, I understand, not in good circumstances, and the contrast between him and Butler is the most remarkable. Butler is worth his million. He makes, it is said, \$10,000 a month at the law, and still owns his Washington mansion with its big mortgage. He has investments all over the United States and has been largely interested in West Virginia coal fields. His practice at Washington is so great that he keeps an office here in a little white brick building just across from the capitol, and he can step out from his papers into the supreme room and open his mouth at the rate of a dozen words a minute. He is one of the hardest workers of the lawyers who practice before the supreme court and he scruples not to burn the midnight oil upon occasion. He uses a steam aspirator and typewriter to help along his work, and the machine is a valuable locator of the treasury. He never destroys a letter, and as a rule answers all of his immense correspondence. He notes on the back of every letter he receives its contents and in a short note sends the answer which he thinks is best. He never writes on anything he wants at a moment's notice. His correspondence would make a very interesting book, and it is said that he began work upon his memoirs some years ago, but the matter seems to have been dropped.

Two curious things about Butler are his cigar and his buttonhole bouquet. The buttonhole bouquet he wears summer and winter, year in and year out. The cigars he wears between his lips periodically every day, but unlike the flowers in his buttonhole, he never gets any fragrance from them. He is the only man in the United States, and in that he is unique, who smokes a cigar every day. In his mouth will such and chew and think and talk, and think and talk and think and chew, for hours at a time. Now and then he becomes so fatigued that he will take the half-chewed cigar from his rosy lips and gingerly lay it down upon the table while he utters a paragraph. At the close he picks it up, blows it to remove the smoke, and then that may adhere to the pipe, it is then he takes another puff. General Butler has little respect for the divinity which hedges the judges of the supreme court, but he has not tried a dry smoke in the courtroom for the last three years. He tried it once, but Marshal Nichols, who is the cigar out of his mouth, and though Butler had him to chew it. The supreme court gets more dignified as it grows older, and some of the judges look upon themselves as judicial gods. It was about five years ago that Henry Clay practised his art. Senator Steely does now, and when he comes to town he speaks and walks up to the other justice's bench and asks his honor to give him a pinch of snuff.

Speaking of Henry Clay, General Banks attended his funeral in the capitol at Washington, and he tells me it was the most impressive scene ever witnessed. Clay died in 1852 and the funeral ceremonies were held in the rotunda under the dome. This vast hall was packed with spectators, and while the services were being preached a great storm came on. The thunder roared and the lightning flashed, and the rain beat shrilled in darkness, was illuminated now and then by the great sheets of flame which shot across the heavens. After the funeral the corpse was taken to Philadelphia, stopped at the cities on the way, and General Banks attended the final funeral cortège.

This was a full generation, and more, gone, and General Banks, though he is fine looking now, was then one of the handsomest young men in the United States. There is not a portrait among the portraits of the speakers of the house, and now in his seventies he is not straight and vigorous. He is tall and slender, and his long, narrow face has a high forehead, from under which abut our friendly blue eyes. His hair is covered with a thick thatch of silver hair, and this is brushed well up from the forehead. He is full of pugnacity for home care. FREE OF charge. A splendid medical work should be read by every man who is poor and debilitated.

"I am a believer in predestination, and if fate has ordered that we are to die this way, we can't help it. I think we're bound to be saved and we will go just through."

Just before reaching the Elbitt house the driver dropped his whip and he whistled the horse, running as he was, five times around a ring in the endeavor to strike the exact spot where it lay. He finally got it and then continued on to the front door of the Elbitt house. Both Stealey and Blackburn took upon their escape in miraculo.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

"Yes, sir, I was there, and I sailed

through all the shot and shell, sir, and I

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## "ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE"

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ceptacle, but a medicine in its composition is to cure, not palliate.

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